



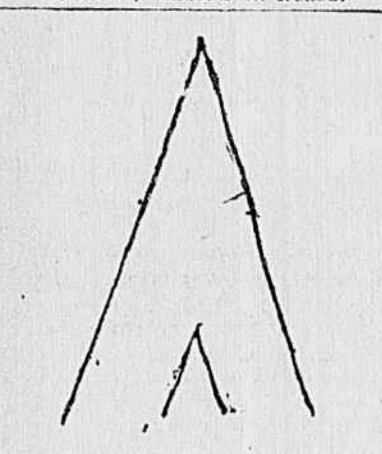
PRESIDENT WILSON
Drawn by J. Baldwin Burwell.



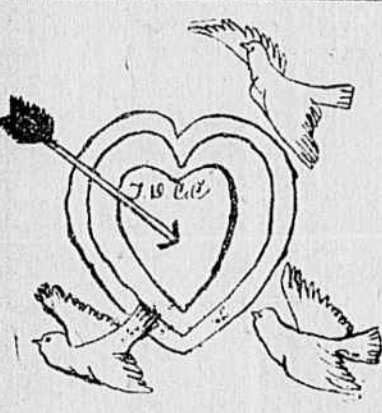
Drawn by Wray Barker.



Drawn by Andrew V. Ronch.



Drawn by Thurman Glenn.



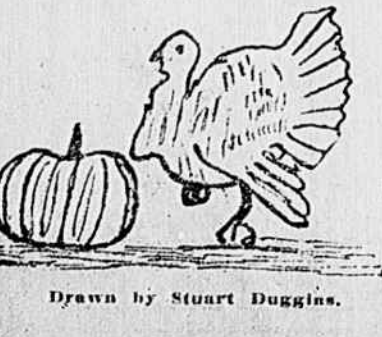
Drawn by Stuart Duggins.



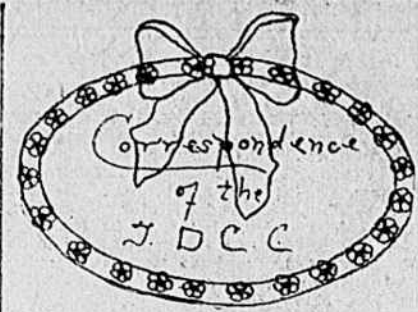
Drawn by Helen Simons.



Drawn by Stuart Duggins.



Drawn by Stuart Duggins.



Drawn by Irene Robertson.

Like Contest Plans.
Dear Editor:—I reckon you think I have stopped writing for the page. I am going to start and write regularly. I think it is a good plan to have a Thanksgiving contest. I have never sent anything in a contest, so I think I will try and see how my luck will turn out. I am sending in a Thanksgiving story and a drawing, which I hope to see one of them in print the first Sunday in December. Hoping you and all the members are well. I remain,
Your old member,
MARGORIE M. WILLIAMS.
Aven, Nelson County, Va.

Call for Old Members.
Dear Editor:—I am late in writing to you this week, as we did not get our papers until Thursday, but how I am glad to have the enclosed drawing printed. Alvin Hattori has given up his place as a poet for our page, but has filled it equally as good as a composer; his stories are fine, and for the last part of the story, "The Spies," but saw "Dramas" instead. I do not believe Harry Chadwick intends to send the third part of her story, "Baby Blue and the Cow." I have looked for it every Sunday, but have failed to see the last part. Rosa Selva always succeeds in getting her drawings published, but I am sure that we do not envy her for I enjoy her work very much. I have not seen any of Dorothy Smith's artistic drawings in our page for a long time, and have missed them so much. Our editor seems to have forgotten our page entirely, but I hope he has not gotten that far yet. I will close now, as my letter is getting long, and it might accidentally slip through your fingers into the wastebasket. From your loving member,
MARGORIE M. WILLIAMS.
Aven, Nelson County, Va.

Interesting Letter.
Dear Editor:—I am so glad I am going to get a prize. I think about it every day, but this is a cold day. When we get up this morning, the frost was so thick it looked like snow all over our place. I am sending some drawings of sisters, and a story of mine, which we hope to see on our page Sunday. Best wishes for you and all club members.
Lovingly,
EDWARD SIMONS.
Dumbarton, Va.

Good Wishes for Contest.
Dear Editor:—In your letter Sunday you stated that Wray Barker had made a good suggestion for our contest, the subject, Thanksgiving. I was very glad, for, as I wrote you some time back, I always enjoyed them. The stories were very good this week, also the drawings. As I have only time for a short note, I will close, hoping this contest will prove as great a success as the last.
Your old member,
MARIE E. WILLIAMS.
Aven, Nelson County, Va.

Sends Drawing.
Dear Editor:—I wish to thank you for putting my picture in print. Here is another that I will be greatly obliged if you try and find a place for it in your next Sunday's paper.
Yours very truly,
JOHN E. BRAME.
No. 101 Taylor Street, City.

No Do I.
Dear Editor:—I am seven years old, and in the fourth primary like the country. I would like to be a farmer.
HELMAN GLENN.
217 Taylor Street, City.

Yes, Indeed.
Dear Editor:—I received the pin today. I thank you very much for it. Does that make me a member of the T. D. C. C. I do my own writing. I am a girl, not a boy, and I am glad to see my picture in ink. Hope he will get in Sunday's paper.
Sincerely,
DORIS L. DANIELS.

Badge Received.
Dear Editor:—I received my badge by Stuart Duggins. I am sending in a piece. Hope it will escape the wastebasket. Will have to close.
KATHERINE COMAN.
1001 East Marshall Street.

Published Last Sunday.
Dear Editor:—I enclosed you will find a drawing, which I would like to see published in the Sunday paper. Editor, if there are any rules about drawing or any other things, please send them to me.
A new member,
CHRIS EEBLING.
Box 514, Lexington, Va.

Glad You Are Pleased.
Dear Editor:—I am well and hope you are the same. I am so proud that I got the first prize in drawing, and I saw my picture in the paper. My sister sent me the paper in a letter, and I found out the puzzles. The first one is Florida, the second one is Danville, and the third is Netherlands, and the fourth is orange, and that is all. I must close for this time, as mamma wants me to help her. Well, good-by.
Your truly,
HAZEL IDELA TENDOR.

Thank You.
Dear Editor:—I am sending in two drawings. I hope to see them in print. I think the club is improving. I hope you will have a happy Thanksgiving.
Your member,
STUART DUGGINS.
222 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va.

Welcome Back.
Dear Editor:—Excuse me for not writing to you so long a time. I hope you are all happy and well. I am sending in a drawing, which I hope you will publish. I will close.
Your member,
THOMAS R. BUTTERWORTH.

Pleased With Badge.
Dear Editor:—I am sending in a drawing, which I hope you will publish. I will close.
Your member,
DOROTHY WORD.

We're Mixed Up.
Dear Editor:—Please excuse me for not writing in such a long time. I hope you will find a story, which I started to write two or three times.
Your member,
EVELYN CUMMINS.

Hope You Are Much Better.
My Dear Editor:—I guess you think I have forgotten the "Dear old T. D. C. C. page, but I haven't. I have been sick for about three weeks. I think the page is just fine Sunday before last, and just Sunday. Dear Editor, I am enclosing a drawing. Please print it in Sunday's page if it isn't too bad to be printed. Love to all members and yourself. I remain,
Your loving member,
AGNES B. SINCLAIR.
Gladstone, Nelson County, Va.

With Pleasure.
Dear Editor:—Please accept me as a member of the T. D. C. C. You will find enclosed two pictures, which I drew. Please publish them in the Times-Dispatch.
Yours truly,
DORSEY DAVIS.
Nathalie, Va.

New Member.
Dear Editor:—I send you a drawing, which I hope will go in next Sunday's paper. I want to be a member of the T. D. C. C. and I live about five miles from Richmond. I have to go to the train to school, and must say I got tired of it.
Yours in haste,
RUTH MATTERN.
222 Floyd Avenue, City.

Joins the Club.
Dear Editor:—I wish to become a member of the T. D. C. C. and please send me a badge. And my age is nine years old, and I live about five miles from Richmond, and have to go to the train to school, and must say I got tired of it.
Yours truly,
CECIL BAIN.

Your Badge Sent.
Dear Editor:—I send you some birds that I hope you will think are good enough to print. I am six years old. Please send me a badge.
From,
EDWIN WHITFIELD.
Rock Castle, Va.

No Size Limit.
Dear Editor:—I wish to become a member of the T. D. C. C. and please send me a badge. I wish to send in some drawings. I am six years old, and I live about five miles from Richmond, and have to go to the train to school, and must say I got tired of it.
Yours truly,
AGNES BAIN.

Another New Member.
Dear Editor:—I would like to become a member of the T. D. C. C. and I live about five miles from Richmond, and have to go to the train to school, and must say I got tired of it.
Yours very truly,
PAUL COHEN.

And Another.
Dear Editor:—I would like to join the T. D. C. C. I am eleven years old. I am sending a drawing, which I hope to see in the page. Please send me a badge.
Your new member,
DOROTHY WATSON.

Another One.
Dear Editor:—I want to become a member of the T. D. C. C. I am a little boy of eight years old. I will send a drawing every week. Please put this picture in next Sunday's paper. Please send me a button.
Your friend,
JOHN W. APPERSON.
66 North Sheppard Avenue.



Drawn by Henry Darnall.

Editorial and Literary Department

GOOD WISHES.

My Dear Girls and Boys:—Your editor is hoping that every member of the club has had a happy Thanksgiving. It is so easy to make a happy day if we will only try to share our good things with somebody else, and that is why I am sure that all of you have enjoyed your holiday, because the letters that came to my desk were filled with good wishes from the club. So the day was free from lesson and full of fun at any rate, and now I want to hear all about it in your contest. Don't fail to send in your idea of a nice Thanksgiving by December 1, for a great many children have already sent theirs, and they are fine, too.

What do you think, children, one of our members has grown up and gone away to teach school, and the other day I had a letter from her asking that we send fourteen badges for some of her scholars to join the club. Doesn't that seem a splendid thing for an old member to do? Now that she has outgrown the club herself, she still is interested enough to read the page and get new members for us. We will welcome the children she writes about with pleasure for our contest, if she will only mail the address again to the editor. And all of the T. D. C. C. members will join in welcoming her. She is a girl, not a boy, and she is twenty-five new members that have recently been added to our membership. Don't forget, December 1 is the last day that you may send the work for the contest.
YOUR EDITOR.

PRIZE-WINNERS FOR THE WEEK.

Irene Robertson, of 2915 Westham Avenue, South Richmond, Va.
McCarthy Downs, of 1011 West Main Street, City.
Susie Varro, of Highland Springs, Va.

THE SON OF THE SEA.

Once there was a boat out at sea. A woman was on it, who had a little baby about twelve months old. One day the boat was ready to sink, and the woman did not know what to do with her child. One of the sailors soon found a box and told her to put her baby in it and put it on the water, then the boat sank.

The box sailed for a long time, and at last it landed at Monkey Island. All the monkeys ran to see what it was, but they said, "Ze, ze, ing gae." (Which means, "He is without hair or tail.")

One of the monkeys ran to the medicine man, who came very soon with some medicine which he thought would make hair grow on the baby, but it did not good.

The baby grew up into a strong man, but still despised by the monkeys, because he was without hair or tail. One day he saw a log floating on the water. He got on the log and sailed away.

There was a ship coming toward him. Some of the sailors saw him and went after him. They had a hard time to get him on board the ship. The captain put a sailor suit on him, but he had a hard time, for every time he started to put them on, he ran up to the top deck. But he soon put them on.

At last Zingo (for that was his name) learned the English language, and soon he was made next to captain. One day Zingo said, "Beware of the pirates." But the others did not believe him, and they went to sleep. At midnight the pirates conquered the ship and took it to land. The captain of the pirates tied the captain and his sailors to the ground, where the cook was cooking a pig.

The pirates found some wine in the captain's ship. The cook saw them drinking wine, so he untied Zingo and told him to see that the pig did not burn. After the cook had gone, Zingo took the pig off the fire and cut it open and put dynamite in it and then sewed it up and tied a string to its tale.

The cook soon came after the pig. As soon as he came to the top of the hill he stumbled over the string, and the dynamite exploded, and Zingo untied the captain and his sailors and began to fight the pirates. At last Zingo's captain was killed, but they drove the pirates back.

Then they found the captain's body. The sailors stood in a line while Zingo lay down and went for the captain, who had been so kind to him. All the sailors took off their hats and said, "Zingo shall be our captain."

EVELYN CUMMINS.

THE ISLAND.

"Tell us a story, grandpa," tell us a story," was the cry of three eager children, all in their nightgowns, ready for bed.

"Well, well," grandpa said, laying aside his newspaper, "come, Edith, sit here on my right knee, Jennie, you sit on my left knee, and Bobby, you sit on my lap. Now, what shall I tell you?"

"Now, what shall I tell you?" asked grandpa stroking his whiskers. "Oh, tell about the old grizzly bear," pleaded Bobby.

"No, no," Edith said, "tell about King Midas."

"Oh, please don't, grandpa. I know both of those by heart," chimed in Jennie.

"Well, well," grandpa said, laughing. "Suppose I tell you a real new one, one that you have never heard before."

"Oh, yes, please do," the children said. "What is it called?"

"It goes by the name of 'The Island,' grandpa said, 'and this is the way it ran.'"

"Many, many years ago, when I was a young man, I started across the ocean on a boat by the name of Augusta. The day on which we set sail was a beautiful one in spring. The birds were singing gaily, while all around little green buds could be seen peeping about. With a merry song, I sprang on board the Augusta, and not long after we set sail. For many days we sailed along on the peaceful waters, the sailors were all very agreeable, and the captain seemed to be the best of men, but at last things became quite different. It happened in this way. The captain had on this evening taken for a walk, and was beginning to grow foolish. Many of the sailors had joined in with him, and at last I and another young man, Jimmie Walker, were the only ones who remained sober. At last the captain tried to persuade us to drink, and as we still refused, he demanded that we should be thrown overboard. Jimmie and I saw no chance of escape, but even then we would not give up.

"Take your choice," the captain thundered, "drink or drown."

"Perhaps we had better drink," Jimmie whispered, but I remained firm. "On a given five more minutes to decide on the captain's terms, as he crossed to another end of the boat. I saw that there was no way in which we could conquer him. I also saw that he was a very headstrong man when angry, and that he intended to have his own way, and now that he was under the influence of liquor he was a man to be feared. While I was thus thinking, I suddenly saw in the distance some land, which I later proved to be an island. Grasping Jimmie by the arm, I said, 'All's safe, come, let's take a dive.' Then I plunged into the water and Jimmie followed. The sailors, in amazement, but to them we paid no attention. Already we were swimming, and gradually getting nearer and nearer to the island.

After a pretty good swim, we reached it, and jumping on shore, we found ourselves surrounded by pretty trees and vines, in the midst of which was a pretty little cottage. Going up to this, we rapped on the door, and presently our knock was answered by a very old man. 'Welcome, welcome,' he cried feebly. 'It does me much good to see the face of a white man after these long years.'

In a few words as possible Jimmie and I told this old man of our misfortune, and inquired if we might get food and shelter for the night. 'Certainly, certainly,' was the answer. 'As I have said before, you are welcome.'

"And why are you here by yourself?" I inquired.

"I am the last of a party that came here to settle," he answered. "About five years ago I and a crowd of men came here with the purpose of planting a colony. But, alas! the men grew tired, and at last went away, leaving me here by myself."

"But could you not call some vessel to take you home?" I again asked.

"I have no home," the old man said. "But," he added, wistfully, "won't you stay here with me? You may live in my home until you are able to build one for yourself, and then by and by we shall have quite a little village here."

"And so Jimmie and I decided to make our homes on the island, and later other people joined us. And now, children, that is the very island that you all visit every summer. The old man is dead, and you often see his grave in the old churchyard, while Jimmie is the old sailor that takes you on his knee and tells you stories."

"Oh, that is the best story I ever heard," Edith said.

"And just to think," said Bobby, "that we visit that very same island every summer."

"Yes, the very same one," said grandpa. "But come, children," he added, "you all must go to bed. It is past 9 o'clock."

IRENE ROBERTSON.
2915 Westham Avenue, City.

THE REWARD.

"Oh, gracious, Mary, why do you sit there and study your life away? Come out on the lawn and have a game of tennis with us."

The speaker, a girl of twelve years, was peeping in through a large window at another girl of about the same age. Her tone was careless, while in her black eyes there could be seen a look of pride and jealousy.

"Really, Flora," the other girl, Mary, answered, "I must study for this examination. After I have finished I will come out with you."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Flora said with a sneer. "Well, you have my deepest sympathy. I am sure you will come out with you."

"Why do you say that?" Mary asked. "Oh, you poor, slow thing. Can't you see why?"

"No, I must confess that I cannot," Mary said rather coolly.

"Well, I pity you then," Flora said with a shrug of her shoulders. "But I have no time to waste on you. Good-by."

"Do not go," Mary pleaded. "Come, let's study together."

"Oh, bother study," Flora said angrily. "Can't you talk or think of anything else?"

"Oh, yes, but just now I think that it would be best for us to study. Suppose you should fail, what then?"

The latter was asked quite suddenly, but was met by a flash of Flora's eyes and a tone of her head, as she said: "I should worry," and then ran away to join the other girls.

A few days later the children were much surprised on seeing an examination on the blackboard. "It is not fair," they all cried. "We were not supposed to have it to-day."

"No, children," Miss Jones, the teacher, said, "I know that you were not expecting it to-day, but Mr. Mason gave orders that all examinations should be given early this morning, and you, no doubt, remember that I have done so to study for it; so if you have done it, I told you, everything will be all right."

Mary seemed very much at ease, for she knew that she had studied faithfully, but Flora's face was a look of anxiety, but still she would continue to say, "I should worry." Out of ten questions she answered two, and was uncertain about those, while Mary answered every one.

Later Miss Jones read the names of those that had passed, and Mary, with a beaming expression, heard her name called, while Flora, with a sinking heart, heard the big, black word, "Fail."

2915 Westham Avenue, South Richmond, Va.

IN WINTER.

The snow fell softly to the ground, And, of course, it made no sound; All the trees were bleak and bare, And all the people were in despair.

There was a dreadful frost that night, And all the houses were shut up tight; The plumbers came and shut off the light.

And all of the children were in great fright.

In the morning the ground was all And all the boys were glad, you know, Their sleds ran up and down the hill, And they tumbled over like Jack and Jill.

Composed by
McKATHY DOWNS.
(Age 12) 1011 West Main Street, City.

THE GOLDFINCH.

The goldfinch is one of our pretty native birds, and takes its name from its beautiful golden color; but it has black about its head and wings. In the winter it lives in the far South, and goes North for the summer (as does the robin). We see it in the early spring, when it is on its way to our Virginia mountains. When the flock is on our lawn they are very pretty, and sing so sweetly. I have noticed when they fly they seem to bob up and down; they do not fly in a straight line, as most other birds do. They are sometimes called "brilliant birds," for when they are in the far South they live a good deal on thistles and fly about in the bars.

EDWARD SIMONS.

OLD GLORY.

Before the war of Independence our flag had thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, and in the upper left-hand corner was the union jack of England. During the war each colony had its own flag. After the war, Washington chose our flag to have thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, as before. But, instead of the union jack, in the same place was to be a blue field with thirteen stars, and every time a State is added a new star goes on the flag. Old Glory now floats over forty-eight States. In little more than a century our country has grown from thirteen poor little colonies to a great, grand Union. Long live America!

ARTHUR ROSS.

Puzzle Department

A CHARADE.

My first is in cat, but not in at.
My second is in hand, but not in and.
My third is in you, but not in sue.
My fourth is in deer, but not in ear.
My fifth is in eat, and also in meat.
My whole is a boy's name.
Composed by
CORDIE LEE MONCURE.
Bowling Green, Va.

WHAT GIRLS' NAMES?

My first is in K, but not in key.
My second is in A, but not in after.
My third is in C, but not in cat.
My fourth is in H, but not in hat.
My fifth is in M, but not in mat.
My sixth is in O, but not in oh.
My seventh is in N, but not in no.
My eighth is in D, but not in dog.
My whole is the name of a city.
Composed by
LEROY MORING.
Beck, Va.

CHARADE.

My first is in K, but not in key.
My second is in A, but not in after.
My third is in C, but not in cat.
My fourth is in H, but not in hat.
My fifth is in M, but not in mat.
My sixth is in O, but not in oh.
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A CHARADE.

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My eighth is in D, but not in dog.
My whole is the name of a city.
Composed by
LEROY MORING.
Beck, Va.

GIRLS' NAMES IN FIGURES.

(1) 12, 15, 21, 9, 10, 5.
(2) 20, 8, 12, 13, 1.
(3) 13, 1, 21, 4, 5.
(4) 13, 1, 25.
(5) 8, 6, 5, 2.
(6) 11, 1, 20, 5, 18, 14, 5.
ALBERT DOYLE.

"THE SPY."

CHAPTER IV.

PART III.

Imagine for yourself the dangerous predicament the spy was in. The house surrounded by a regiment of the enemy only too eager to shoot him down and their leader at the window with leveled pistol. Truly, a very grotesque situation. At the sharp command the spy's face informed no emotion, except for the slight twitch of the mouth. He brook silence. "It seems to me," he drawled, "when you hold a man up you'd see to the weapon first." At slight movement of the pistol told of the owner's distracted attention. It all happened in a moment. "Crash!" The spy, taking advantage of his ruse, dashed the candles to the floor, rendering the room to darkness. The shriek of the amazed landlord, the heavy thump as the spy fell headlong and the loud echoing report of the gun instantly followed in the named order. A loud oath from the shooter explained his doubt of the shot. The spy had fallen not from the effect, but to avoid it. Rising to his feet, he groined about for the landlord. "Here I am," trembled a voice from the darkness. "Quick, a light!" commanded the spy swiftly. "The coals in the hearth are still warm. The frightened man obeyed. From without came muttering, angry voices. "A bathing room," yelled the captain above the door. "Bang! Crash!" it fell, against the door. "Bang! Crash!" the object attacked trembled with flying wood. "But—but, my property," stammered the little man. "Never mind that," answered the spy, opening the cellar door. "In here, hurry!" Then, helping him, said above the deafening noise: "When they enter make just the slightest sound as 'No,' he added, foreseeing an interruption, "just do as I tell you." Hastening for the blows upon the awning door came fast and furious—he climbed to the loft, pulling the ladder in after him. "Crash!" it fell, and the British troops rushed in, dirty, mud-splashed, and cursing, with bayonets ready for action. They paused heavily. "You fool!" yelled the captain. "You've let him escape." "Why?" "Hush!" All waited. Only the tramp of the guards without was audible. "Prob below came a faint sound. 'The cellar,' he ordered. "The trap door!" They needed no urging, and he lifted the door, stood with fixed muskets, each eye awaiting the form of the spy. As they were thus engaged, a voice from above startled them. "Don't move! Don't look up, or I fire!" he commanded softly, but clearly, descending the ladder slowly and catlike. "Drop your guns, easily, no noise! About face. Forward, march to the wall. Halt!"

MEMORIES.

A word of fair and golden light,
A soft refrain upon the breeze,
A little bunch of roses white,
And all around sweet memories—
Our summer day.

A balmy noon with sunshine fair,
A few swift-passing twilight hours,
A love word whispered on the air,
A dreamy silence o'er the flowers—
Our summer day.

Pale roses dying longingly,
A leaden sky, one bright warm tear,
O twittering songsters blithe and free,
Though golden hours shall hold their sway,
And dead to all have Memory,
Is that which once was passing dear—
Our summer day.

O sunlight glad, O flow'rets gay,
O twittering songsters blithe and free,
Though golden hours shall hold their sway,
And dead to all have Memory,
Is that which once was passing dear—
Our summer day.

You never can give again to me
That summer day!
By DOROTHY M. SMITH.

OLD UNCLE PETER AND THE ROASTER.
When the big preaching was going on up Mr. Brown's way at the colored church, his chickens began to misbehave. "It couldn't be Uncle Peter that steals them," said his wife one, "he is too good to us."

"I will see who it is," said Mr. Brown, and he went out to the henhouse and hid in a barrel.

Every chicken was gone but one old rooster. Mr. Brown could throw his voice very well, and after a while the door opened, and sure enough, in came old Uncle Peter, and he roared and caught the rooster by the legs. Then Mr. Brown threw his voice, and the rooster looked down at Uncle Peter.

"Nigger, turn my legs loose," said Mr. Brown, and Uncle Peter jumped and said, "Dat rooster was sho talking." He heaved up and caught the rooster by the legs again.

"Nigger, didn't I tell you to turn my legs loose," said Mr. Brown, and Uncle Peter jumped and started out of the door, but turned around and caught the rooster by the legs again.

"Nigger, you better turn my legs loose," said Mr. Brown, and Uncle Peter ran out of the door and went home. Then Mr. Brown went into the house and told his wife